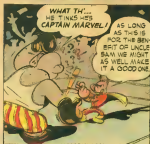


DATS D'STRATEGY -
DEN ONE IM D'OLD
ONE, TWO -





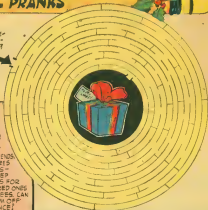




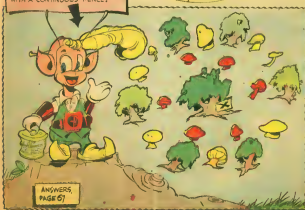


PENCIL PRANKS

WILLIE WANTS TO GET HIS PRESENT OUT OF THE MAZE. CAN YOU HELP HIM? WITHOUT CROSSING ANY LINES!



THIS LITTLE GNOME LIVES IN A TREE IN THE CENTER OF A BIG FOREST. THERE ARE 6 RED MUSHROOMS AROUND THE TREE. OUTSIDE AND AROUND THESE MUSHROOMS, STAND 6 TREES THAT THE GNOME GIVES TO HIS FRIENDS. AND OUTSIDE OF THESE TREES ARE 6 YELLOW MUSHROOMS. THE GNOME WANTS TO KEEP THE YELLOW MUSHROOMS FOR HIMSELF AND GIVE THE RED ONES TO HIS FRIENDS IN THE TREES. CAN YOU HELP HIM FENCE THEM OFF WITH A CONTINUOUS FENCE?

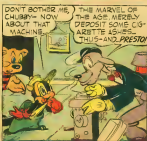


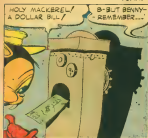
ANSWERS,
PAGE 67

benny

THE BEAVER





















A CHRISTMAS STORY Uncle Don

HOLDER-ONTO-ER WILLIPUS WALLIPUS, JR.

HELLO, GIRLS AND BOYS! If you cannot read this story yourself, why not ask mother or daddy to read it to you? That sounds rather funny though, doesn't it? For if you cannot read, how would you know what I've just said. You know—I'm glad you have your copy of *Funny Animals* magazine, for I'm sure you will enjoy it and besides it gives me a chance to write you a story—once every once in a while.

Well, I suppose you want to hear about the things that happened to Willipus Wallipus, Jr., so here goes!

Did you ever hear of a Holder-on-to-er? That's rather a big word but if you say it slowly it's not so hard to say and in case you don't know just what it means, I'll tell you.

A Holder-on-to-er is the kind of person who holds on to everything he or she has even though he has no special use for it. Now, of course, that is not a very nice kind of person to be, especially when someone else might have great need of the very things the Holder-on-to-ers hold on to.

Well, believe it or not, Willipus Wallipus, Jr. was a Holder-on-to-er—that is he was up to about a week ago.

Willipus Wallipus, Jr. is nearly nine years old now and if you had the last issue of *Funny Animals* and read the story of Junior Patriot, you no doubt remember him.

But anyway, about two weeks

ago, Mr. Wallipus was talking to Willipus about the recent scrap drive and he said:

"By the way, son, when we were going through the attic and the cellar to collect all the scrap, I suppose you ran across a lot of your old toys and things that you don't use any more, didn't you?"

"Oh yes, Daddy," said Willipus, "and I have put them all neatly away so they won't get lost."

"Well," said Mr. Wallipus, "that is very commendable." (You see he used pretty big words some times.)

"Commendable," said Willipus. "What does that mean? Is it good or bad?"

"It means very good," he replied. "If all boys and girls would take care of their toys and clothes it would save a lot of money."

"By the way, Willipus," he added, "I was just thinking about those old toys of yours. You know Christmas is not far off now and there are many boys and girls who would be made very happy if they could get a toy for a present."

"Gee," said Willipus, "I know what I want—an electric train and ice skates and an air gun and a model airplane kit and a—"

"Here, wait a minute," Mr. Wallipus broke in. "You want a lot of things but what about sending some of your old toys to the police department or some other place where they recolonize toys and give them

to poor children? You really don't use them you know—they're just stored away."

"What! My toys—" exclaimed Willipus. "Gave my toys away! No—no, they belong to me, they're mine! I won't give any of them away. I want them. I want to hold on to them for always."

Well, Mr. Wallipus looked very surprised and grieved at this outburst. He had not known that Willipus Wallipus, Jr. was so greedy but, here he was, almost on the verge of tears at the very thought of parting with some old toys that he seldom, if ever, used, even though they would bring great happiness to some less fortunate boys or girls.

Mr. Wallipus did not say anything for almost a minute and that is a long time in a case like this. He just looked at Willipus as if he pined him and finally said:

"I am very, very sad, son, to learn that we have a Holder-on-to-er in this house."

"What's a Holder-on-to-er?" Willipus asked.

"A Holder-on-to-er," he said, "is the kind of person who holds on to everything he has even though he has no special use for it."

"But I have use for them," said Willipus. "Besides they're mine and I want to keep them. The poor children can get toys some place else. They don't have to take my toys!"

"That's just the trouble, Willipus," said his daddy. "You

know that the world is at war and that there will be quite a shortage of toys this year, but we must all do the best we can to share what we have. It's the same way with sugar and gasoline and many other things that are rationed. They may even ration toys."

"Ration toys?" said Willipus. "Then what about my new electric train and my gun and—"

"I'm sure I can't say, son," replied his father, interrupting him. "It all depends. Now you'd better get to bed and think it over. Good night."

"Good night, Daddy," said Willipus. "But I bet I'll hold on to everything I have," and he went upstairs to bed.

"Well, what do you think of that?" This Holder-enterer business is a funny business, isn't it? It's hard to believe that anyone could be so selfish.

WILLIPUS WAS pretty tired so he went right to sleep after he had said his prayers. It seemed to him he had just about gone to sleep when he was awake again and felt very strange indeed. There was something very important he had to do. He looked out the window and the sun was shining.

"No," he thought, "the night passed quickly. I was sure I had just gone to bed."

Then suddenly he remembered what he had to do. He was hurry to the Toy Ration Board and get his toy ration card.

"I'll hurry," he thought, as he washed his face and hands,

brushed his teeth, combed his hair and got dressed. "I'll get there before the others so I can get more toys."

Willipus knew where the Ration Board was located. He had been there with his daddy to see about gasoline, so he hurried into the big room which was quite crowded. There was the sugar ration window and the rubber and gas windows. Willipus wondered at the sight

"BASIC 'A' CARDS
ISSUED HERE"

"BASIC 'B' CARDS
ISSUED HERE"

THIS WINDOW FOR
"C" CARDS

But soon he spied the Toy Ration window and hurried over to it and found a few of his friends already filing out their application.

They were seated at tables with a man opposite, writing down their answers.

"All right, Willipus," said policeman McGillicuddy who was helping keep everyone in order. "Step right over to this table, you'll be next."

Well, among eight next to him was Susan Beddars who was already answering her questions and Willipus could overhear everything.

"Now, Susan," said the man, "just how many toys do you really need for Christmas?"

"Well," said Susan. "I need a doll, and carriage and some books and games."

"Haven't you a doll and carriage?" he asked.

"No sir, not now," Susan replied. "You see the doll was kind of broken and so was the carriage, so I gave them with several other old toys of mine to the toy repair depot so they could be fixed up for some poor children for Christmas."

"That's fine," he said. "Now how about those games and books?"

"Well, you see," replied Susan. "I can share them with others and that will make more fun for all of us."

"All right," he said. "I think your request is a worthy one. I will give you a 'C' ration. Take this form over to the window and get your card."

"Oh, gee! Thank you," said Susan. "I'm glad to share my toys with others."

Then turning to Willipus, the man said:

"All right, my boy. You're next. Your name?"

"I'm Willipus Willipus, Jr. You know me," answered Willipus.

"Oh yes, Willipus Willipus, Jr. Where do you live?"

"The same place, 1125 Main Street."

"All right," said the man. "Now what do you really need for toys?"

"Oh," said Willipus, "an electric train, an air gun, a model airplane kit, ice skates and—"

"Just a minute," the man interrupted. "That is quite a lot.



Have you any toys at home?"

"Oh, yes," said Willipus, "I have quite a lot but you see most of them need fixing; or something so I'm saving them."

"Have you given any toys like that to the toy depot yet so they can be fixed up for poor children?" questioned the man.

"No," said Willipus, "they are my toys and I'm going to hold on to them. If toys get scarce, I'll have plenty stored away."

"I see," said the man, "and all the new toys you say you need are for yourself too. You could not very well share skates, model plane kit, air gun and things like that very much. Well, I'm sorry to tell you, Willipus Willipus, Jr., that I'll have to class you as a Holder-onto-er. That means that I cannot even give you a Basic 'A' toy ration. That will be all. Good day."

"You mean I don't get any toys at all?" whimpered Willipus. "I'll tell my daddy to get them. He has plenty of money."

"Young man," was the answer, "money will not help you. This is war time—we must all share."

As Willipus walked away he had a hard time trying not to cry but he was still a Holder-onto-er for he was thinking to himself: "I won't give away my old toys; they're mine and I want to hold on to them."

I felt sorry for him. Not because the ration board turned him down, but because he was so selfish and he didn't seem to even know it. I don't believe any of you boys and girls would be like that—at least I hope you wouldn't.

But to get back to the story...

AS WILLIPUS walked out of the Ration Board Building, who should he see but his daddy coming down the street toward him and boy, oh boy, did he look sad and worried.

"Hello, daddy" said Willipus, "were you looking for me?"

"Yes," he replied, "how did you make out at the Toy Ration Board?"

"Not a good, daddy. The man told me I was a Holder-onto-er and he would not even give me a Basic 'A' ration card for one toy, but I told him my daddy had money and would get me toys anyway."

Of course the last part of what Willipus said was not exactly hiding—that is not very much—but at least it did not do any good for Mr. Willipus looked at Willipus very seriously and said:

"Well, son, I have some very bad news for you. I do not have any money. My business has failed and everything is gone."

"But," said Willipus, "I still have all the toys at home! Boy, am I glad I held on to them!"

"Oh, no, you haven't," said Mr. Willipus. "I had to give up the home and everything in it, even your clothes and toys that were stored away. I guess it is going to be a pretty sad Christmas for us. I can't buy any toys or anything."

Of course you know Willipus was not old enough to realize what a terrible calamity had happened to them all. He had never known what it meant to be poor and have to do without things. His daddy had always been a successful and prosperous man. All Willipus thought of was his own things—his toys which were all gone now.

"Gee, daddy!" he said as he began to cry. "Can't I have just one toy for Christmas?"

"I'm afraid not," said Mr. Willipus, "unless we may get one at the place where they re-condition toys for poor and needy children."

"I'll go there, daddy," said Willipus. "I'll see if I can."

"All right," he replied.

So Willipus went to the place where all the broken or damaged toys that have been given by boys and girls are fixed up almost as good as new.

Willipus was beginning to regret now that he had not given some of his used toys to the toy depot—you see, he had lost them anyway and now he wanted one so badly so he asked the man in charge.

"Please, could I have a toy for Christmas? I have no toys and daddy is too poor to get me any."

"Well, now that's too bad," said the man. "I'm sorry, but you see we do not have enough to go around. It seems that too many children who have used toys that could be sent in are Holder-onto-ers and they want to hold on to everything they have. Too bad—no more toys!"

Now Willipus did cry!

"Oh, daddy, mother—no toys! Oh, Oh, Oh—"

Then he woke up as his mother and daddy came into the room.

"My goodness, Willipus," she said, "whatever is the matter?"

"Oh mother and daddy," he said, "I had a terrible dream. I'm glad I woke up."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Willipus. "Well, tell us about it."

So Willipus told them all about his dream and he wound up by saying:

"You know, mother and dad, I guess I was a Holder-onto-er but I won't be any more. I'm going to take all the old toys I don't use right down to the depot tomorrow so they can make some boy or girl happy! And you know what, daddy?"

"No. What, son?" said Mr. Willipus, who looked pretty happy now.

"Well," said Willipus, "I think I'd like to get War Stamps and Bonds for Christmas. You know why? Well, because buying War Stamps and Bonds will help Uncle Sam to fight for us and besides I'd save money and after the war I'll have something saved up to buy what toys and things I want. Don't you think so?"

His mother and daddy both put their arms around him and looked very happy as they said:

"You bet we do, Willipus!"

Uncle Don

Oliver

THE OWL



LONDON —
WALLY BRIBCO, AGE 18,
WAS FOUND DEAD HERE
TODAY, DURING LAST
NIGHT'S RAID. IT WAS
FOUND DISCOVERED
THE MURDERER BOMB
ON THE ROOF
OF.....

THAT OUGHT
TO SHOW FOLKS
AROUND HERE HOW IM-
PORTANT US WARDENS ARE...



WE GOTTA BE
READY ALL THE TIME!
BETTER SEE HOW THE
MEN ON MY POST
ARE GETTING ON...



SECTOR
C
POST 2

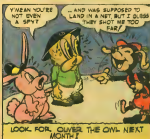




AS THE MYSTERIOUS OBJECT SOARS TOWARD THEM...IT SUDDENLY PERFORMS AN AMAZING LOOP.....



...AND THEN STOPS



RAINY DAY FUN

clothes-pin dolls

MAKE YOUR OWN DOLLS - CUT UP CLOTHES PINS AS ILLUSTRATED, PAINTING THEM UP - AND USING MATCH STICKS INSERTED IN SLITS MADE WITH A KNIFE, FOR ARMS.

OLD WOMAN WITH A GRIN, DEEP TWO EYES AND A NOSE - ON ROSE-FINGER AND THUMB MAKE A MOUTH WITH RED CRAYON. TIE A HANDS AROUND YOUR ENTIRE HAND AND YOU WILL HAVE THE LITTLE OLD WOMAN WHO WALKS IN A SHOE - BY MOVING YOUR THUMB UP AND DOWN YOU CAN MAKE HER MOUTH MOVE AS IF SHE WERE TALKING.

BOYS YOU CAN MAKE YOUR OWN SOLDIERS!

MAKE UP ON HAND

COMPLETED FACE

spooky!

UNDER A GOOD BRIGHT LIGHT STARE AT THE X IN THE EYES OF GIPSY DOG FOR ONE MINUTE, THEN STARE AT THE CIRCLE - AND YOU'LL SEE GIPSY DOG APPEAR THERE.



LOOK WHAT I HAVE - HOLD THIS PICTURE ARMS LENGTH AND MOVE CLOCK-WISE - AND WATCH THE WHEELS SPIN ON MY SCOOTER.



Sherlock

THE MONK
and CHUCK

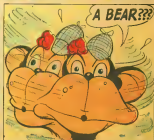
CALLING ALL CARS—
CALLING ALL CARS—
ROBBERY REPORTED
AT 1405 BLM STREET
PROCEED AT ONCE.

SHERLOCK AND CHUCK, THE TWO
AGE DETECTIVES SIT WAITING
FOR THEIR NEXT ADVENTURE

SOUNDS LIKE A
JOB FOR SOME
DETECTIVE WORK
BOSS!

ALWAYS READY TO
HALT THE MARCH OF
CRIME—
LET'S GO!



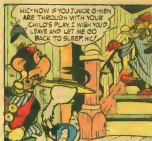
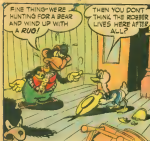




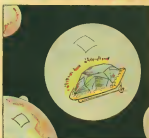
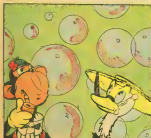












MORE ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK THE MONK, NEXT MONTH



LOOK, BOYS AND GIRLS! YOUR VERY OWN PERSONAL CHRISTMAS CARDS -- TRACE THEM, SIGN YOUR NAME AND GIVE TO TEACHER - OR MOTHER AND DAD. ON NO. 2 THERE'S A PLACE TO PASTE YOUR PICTURE. CUT YOUR PHOTO OUT OF SOME SNAPSHOT AND PASTE IT IN.



NO. 1.



NO. 2.

BILLY

the kid

BILLY THE KID
FEARLESS ROBIN-
HOOD OF THE RANGE-
LANDS, HAPPENING
ON A STRANGE
SCENE....

HOLY HORNED
PROGS! WHAT'S
GOIN' ON DOWN
THAT?



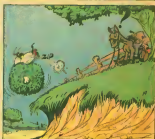
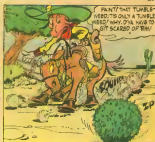
PETE, SANKER BOSS
WAS RIGHT! THERE IS
OIL ON THIS LAND!

YIPPEE! LET'S WANDER
BACK TO TOWN AND
TELL 'EM!



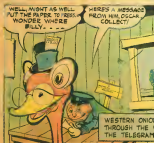
WELL, I'LL BE! I HAPPEN
TO KNOW THIS LAND BE-
LONGS TO THE BRISTLE FOLKS...
AN' THEN SANKER'S AINT UP TO NO
GOOD, I BETTER TAILER!







THE MESSENGER CLIMBS UP THE POLE AND INTO THE FUNNEL AND A PADDLE PUSHES HIM THROUGH THE WIRES TO DELIVER THE MESSAGE TO OSCAR!



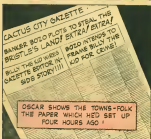
WESTERN ONION MESSENGER COMES THROUGH THE WIRE AND GIVES OSCAR THE TELEGRAM FROM BILLY!

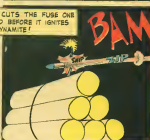




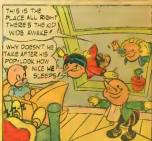






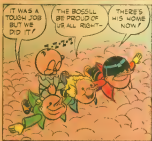


Winkin' Blinkin' and Nod









MORE ADVENTURES OF WINKIN' BLINKIN' AND NOD NEXT MONTH

